



# the innis herald

heading into the next millennia with a new voice

## Frosh Week 1998 A Smashing Success!!!

Here are some photos that we just couldn't pass up on printing:



# the innis herald

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## ABOUT THE INNIS HERALD

The Innis Herald is the monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The paper is published at the beginning of each month by Centra Web Reproductions. This was the best edition of the Herald so far! We did it on time and saved four pages...of course, you might not find that as exciting as I do. Ah well...fuck it. Let's have some beer. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We love to receive letters to the editor or just plain comments both praising and criticizing the issue in general, or any specific articles contained within the paper. We reserve the right to edit any submissions containing sexist, racist, ageist, homophobic, libellous or just plain dumb content, in consultation with the editor. All writing and artwork must be accompanied by the author's real name and telephone number. Upon request, however, articles may be published under a pseudonym. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald are attributable only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of the Innis Herald, its' staff, or Innis College.

Please deliver or mail submissions and letters to the Editor to room 305 (west wing/old building) at Innis College or leave in them in the Innis Herald Mailbox in room 127 at Innis College, or e-mail them to [victoria.loh@utoronto.ca](mailto:victoria.loh@utoronto.ca). We are located at 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto ON, M5S 1J5. Our office phone number is (416) 978-4748, or you can fax us at "Attention Innis Herald" (416) 978-5503.

## Attention

The Innis Herald is currently accepting applications for the following positions:

- Layout and Graphics Editor
- Distribution Co-ordinator
- Treasurer
- Internal Officer
- Assistant to the Editorial Staff

To submit an application simply notify the Editor In Chief Victoria Loh by any of the following methods to set up an interview:

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## editorial



So I've been thinking a lot about this whole editorial business. Most editors talk about what's in the issue, or some political scene or some other shit that I don't care about. All that stuff is the farthest from my heart and thus, the most difficult for me to write about. I've decided that I'm going to make my editorials personal...like a diary. The only thing I truly know is myself and even that I have a hard time trying to figure out.

The beginning of this year at U of T started out pretty harshly as I started it off by ending a very emotional long-term relationship with my boyfriend. I changed and with that change, I saw him differently and I just couldn't continue the relationship anymore. In the process of it all, I discovered I had some pretty fantastic friends watching over me and waiting in the wings. My best friend Helen, who has always been there for me, and whom I had ignored during my relationship with my now ex-boyfriend, stood by me, despite the fact that she had every reason to hate me. My ex-boyfriend, Paul took me for coffee all the time, even though he didn't have to. My roommates Andrea, Elaine, Chris and Daniela have just been fantastic to me, regardless of the time we spent apart during the summer. Thanks to the Herald, I discovered some friends in nooks and crannies that I had never even thought about. Like Mike, the News editor of the Herald. He has been wonderful to me throughout it all, and we had just met during the summer! Even the ICSS had a smile waiting for me in Brett, the vice-president. See above? Doesn't he have a great smile? Er...don't ask about his sense of humour, though.

I went to Frosh Week as a Frosh leader for the winning blue team and had a fantastic time meeting the other frosh leaders and all of the

first year students at Innis. Admittedly, it was my first Frosh week too, as I had missed out on last year's due to the removal of my wisdom teeth. My favourite part was the trip to Hart House Farm. At night, I was surrounded by stars and I marvelled at the simple pleasure at the beauty of it all. I even got to see the sun rise for the first time.

With regards to school, I'm already behind, and for the first time, that doesn't scare me. I'll catch

up...right?...right?

I've also come a long way with my self-image. All of last year, I hated my body. I loathed looking in the mirror because every time I looked, I just saw fat. Everywhere. I went on a huge and expensive diet which just tore me apart even more. I couldn't eat anything without dissecting it first and that in itself just took out the joy of eating. I had to time, measure and count my meals. It got so bad that once, I went to this dessert place with a bunch of friends I cried when they brought my order to the table. It was heart-wrenching.

I think something in my soul changed my perspective on it all. I went to New York this summer and all I saw were women in all kinds of shapes. In the midst of it all, I felt comfortable with myself. I don't know when I started to have my change of heart, but thank god I did. I may have gained a bit of that weight back, and at times I do feel very self-conscious about it, but I know now that I can live with it.

The point I wanted to make was that in this short period of time, I have learned that you just never know what's going to happen next. I thought I would be with my boyfriend forever. Things change...and as my friends have pointed out for me, what doesn't kill you, only makes you stronger. Thanks guys. I owe you one.



## *fred filler*

### Porn in the Varsity

A mass cultural takeover is upon us as the pornography industry moves in on university and college campuses worldwide. This revolution is only beginning to show itself on our very own campus and appears to be going strong at other schools such as Bangkok University. The influx of filth started innocently enough with Playboy's annual Ivy League tour and Moses Znaimer's donation of old Hustlers to the University of Toronto. It continues, however, guns blazing with the Varsity's Aidan (as if its his real name) Johnson's piece on Nudism ("Swimming in the buff feels so good!" Page 5, September 22). For those of you who haven't boned up on the situation, Mr.

Johnson (Johnson indeed!) attended a so-called "naturist" swim meet at U of T's Athletic Centre pool and posed fully exposed and sporting wood for the camera. With his outstanding, upstanding member waving over the tiled floor he struck the pose that will now haunt my sleep for years to come. Don't get me wrong, the young lad has a nice body and a definite future in the straight-to-video movie industry, but why did he use a major University outlet to audition? Why not the Herald? Obviously, there's something much more devious behind this whole thing.

The porn industry has never been given much respect from the vast majority. In fact, most

people generally view nudie flicks as poorly acted, evil-incarnate. And since the upper echelon of thinkers usually dictates public opinion, porno needs to cozy up to a new market. Therefore, by surrounding the young intellectuals of tomorrow with spectator-sport sex shows now, future generations will consider pornography a legitimate medium worthy of Oscar Nomination. In turn, video sales will continue to grow for years to come and the Adult film industry will tighten its grip on world culture. Aidan Johnson's wee willy waving in the wind is only the beginning. Soon, we'll all fall victim to this horrible beast.

### "MY U OF T"



Please don't eat us!

### Plants are people too!

Recently, an animal rights protest at Queen's Park made most newspaper's front pages rather interesting spectacles to behold. The cameras focused in on a poor topless blond woman who had injured herself falling off her horse. The photographers, however, missed the photo-op of a lifetime when Vegetation Rights activists spearheaded the protest. Having been there at the right time, I got a few questions in. After some inquiry, these waifs informed me that they believe

that human beings shouldn't eat at all. In fact, they accused the animal rights lobby of discrimination against the other half of nature.

"We're starving ourselves for what we believe in," one protestor told me before he collapsed and died.

"It is a hideous beast that desires food," another cried.

Slowly, one by one, the activists dropped to the ground only to be carried off on stretchers to the nearest Hospital where, no doubt, some-

one would slap them around for being stupid.

I was, however, inspired by their mission to save nature. So, in the interests of those who died for Mother Earth, I decided to go a few days without eating at all. It went all for naught, though, because as soon as I passed the closest hot dog vendor, I bought a Polish sausage and loaded it with sour kraut and relish.

MMMM mmmmmmm.

### Truth, Rumours & Unsubstantiated Lies

-The Innis College Boys club is open for business again. If you don't know what I'm talking about, you will soon enough.

-If you Opt-Out of the SAC Health and Dental Insurance Plans you will end up dead in a dumpster behind Roberts.

-Randy Rizek is slowly killing you weekly by poisoning the drinks he serves you on Innis Pub night.



"I'll kill you!"

Fred Filler has succumbed to the Microsoft Army and can be reached at [ffiller@hotmail.com](mailto:ffiller@hotmail.com)

ICSS Clubs and Merchandise Exec Randy Rizek caught in the act!

# Make a Difference With ENSU in 98-99

Zaheer Abbas Karim, ENSU Public Relations

By now, most of you have settled down, committed to four or five courses, and are getting into the 'assignment mode'. However, in addition to academics, you can (or should!) join a club to make your time at U of T more enjoyable and worthwhile by participating in a student club such as ENSU, the Environmental Students Union. That's right! The Environment--why not help out and make a difference? ENSU is an organization which promotes environmentally sound practices on campus, organizes career and information (undergraduate/graduate) seminars, hooks you up with other students concerned about social issues, links up to some of the best environmental organizations in

Toronto, etc.

This year, ENSU will provide members with a host of opportunities to get involved with campus and community events and with NGOs, like the World Wildlife Fund and Toronto Environmental Alliance. We will also have displays and information during Environment Week. ENSU is undergoing many improvements that include many interesting and exciting projects for this year and they depend on YOUR participation and initiative.

The absolute BEST way to find out more about our large yet cozy team is to come out and attend our first volunteer meeting of the year, held at: INNIS COLLEGE, ROOM 209 (above the Innis College Cafe) on THURSDAY OCTOBER 1ST,

1998 at 5 pm.

(For those of you who are unfamiliar with Innis College...you need to enter through the front doors of the College and walk all the way to the back where the Innis Cafe is. Now, just before the doors to the Cafe, you will see two staircases that form an upsidetown "V". Walk up those stairs and enter through the door "RM 210". After that, walk through the lounge area and find RM# 209 at the back.) Come out with some fresh ideas on what you would like to do this year. Now, heaven-forbid you can not attend the meeting because you have a class or a job to go to, please contact Sao-Jan at [sj.chan@utoronto.ca](mailto:sj.chan@utoronto.ca) or Kevin at [k.semande@utoronto.ca](mailto:k.semande@utoronto.ca).

Other than that, please be aware that there is a Public Forum being held on "Environment Strategies for the upcoming elections". This event will take place on October 1st from 7 to 10 pm at the Innis College Town Hall.

A seminar hosted by David Suzuki called, "Who's Taking our Breath Away? Climate Change, Air Pollution and Human Health" will take place on Wednesday October 7th at 7 pm, in the OISE Auditorium at U of T at 252 Bloor Street West.

Also, come out and HELP PROTECT ONTARIO'S GREEN SPACE at Portage for Wilderness. The purpose of this big event that has been organized by the World Wildlife Fund, Federation of Ontario Naturalists and the Wildlands League,

is to increase public awareness of the government's LAND FOR LIFE process and to show the public support for Ontario's wilderness. To help, come to Queen's Park, with or without a canoe, on Saturday October 24th at noon. EnsU will be there to support.

If you have any further inquiries, please email [sj.chan@utoronto.ca](mailto:sj.chan@utoronto.ca) or [k.semande@utoronto.ca](mailto:k.semande@utoronto.ca).

NOTE: ENSU is giving out FREE stickers to put on your assignments which officially allow you to use both sides of assignment papers in order to reduce the overall consumption of paper. Drop by the ENSU office if you need any.

## What's Going Down at the Rez: An IRC Report

Tatyana Oatchuck, IRC President and Carolyn Lam, IRC Secretary

This is some of the stuff we're working on right now. Take a few minutes to read through it and if you have any input come see Tut in room 215.

### VCRs

Just for everyone's information, the IRC has four VCRs that are available for all students to use free of charge. Right now there are four, but there is a fifth on the way! To rent them, go to the front desk and book them for whatever day you want and when you pick it up, you just have to sign a contract and its yours until the next day at 9 AM.

### Procrastinator's Help

This group is being formed to help students such as myself who have who have a real problem with getting work done. And I mean real problems, like even though my essay is due tomorrow and I'm just starting it, for some reason cleaning the bathtub seems much more important right now.

In this group I hope students will be able to find support and strength from one another. Our mission will be to find a way to overcome procrastination, at least a little bit, starting tomorrow, when its convenient. We will draw on the help of the Counselling and Learning Skills Service at U of T for ideas, tactics and approaches. The first meeting will

be on Monday, October 5 @ 9:00pm. If you have any questions or ideas please come see me in room 215 if you feel like it.

### FUNDRAISING

This is just a reminder that last year the IRC started an ongoing fundraising campaign. Three times a year, in November, January and March, two houses team up and decide on and then implement a campaign to raise money for a selected charity. Last year we raised \$300 for the Boys and Girls Club of Downtown Toronto, \$300 for the Queen's University Emergency Assistance Fund and \$400 for the Daily Food Bank of the University of Toronto. That \$1000 was raised right here in the Residence by all of us students. Hopefully this year the campaigns will be just as innovative and successful.

### Composting

Last year, many students expressed an interest in environmental issues. Although we have had a lot of trouble getting it started, finally the IRC and the Residence Office are pleased to announce a pilot vermicomposting project for interested suites.

Worm composting is a method of recycling food waste into a rich, dark, earth-smelling soil conditioner. The great advantage is that it can be done indoors, providing suites

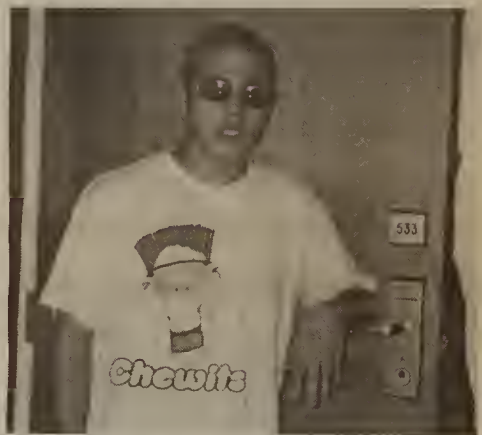
a means of composting. In a nutshell, vermicomposting is a container filled with moistened bedding (e.g. paper, dirt) and worms. As you add food waste, the worms and micro-organisms eventually convert the contents into rich compost.

For those suites who would like to join this project (N.B. all suite-mates have to agree) there will be a meeting next Monday, September 28 @ 7:00pm in the Event Room. For those who cannot attend, come see me in room 215 before that date.

### Move-Out Policy

Last year, it was brought to my attention that many students are unhappy with the Residence's move-out policy. As you may or may not be aware, the current policy requires that everyone move out of the Residence within 24 hours of their last exam. However, many residents feel that 24 hours is not enough time to pack, properly clean the suite and enough time to relax and say goodbye to all their friends.

Several alternatives to this policy have been proposed. In order for the IRC to go forward with any proposal to the Residence Committee, we must have the support of the vast majority of the Residents. An introductory meeting will be held next Monday, September 28 @ 7:30pm in the Event



Glen Lou-Hing hanging out at the rez.

Room. This issue affects ALL students, so please come and let me know what's on your mind, whether you like the policy we have now or if you have a better idea. Remember that without your opinion, nothing can happen. See you there.

### Annual Canada's Wonderland Trip

Residents are invited to enjoy a fun-filled day at Canada's greatest amusement park on October 4th for around \$15 (bus ride included). Stay tuned for purchasing tickets and we'll see you screaming on the roller coasters.

### Innis Residence High Tea

On October 18th, the Innis

Residence will have their first ever High Tea at 4 pm in the Events Room. For a small fee, residents can relax with their neighbours in classy style while sipping tea and nibbling on biscuits. Cheers!

### Innis Residence Website

Do you ever wonder what's going on in the residence? Visit [www.campuslife.utoronto.ca/groups/innisres](http://www.campuslife.utoronto.ca/groups/innisres). IRC meeting minutes, an Events Calendar and various notices are posted on the site. Don't let all the activities go by right before your eyes!

Got a news item? Write for Mike.  
Call 978-4748.



Some shots from the Innis Pub Scene.

## The Scene

Brett Hendrie, ICSS Vice-President

Imagine the wind whistling through your hair, rain crashing down upon your head and thunder crackling in the air around you. You begin to feel a lusciously warm breath fading across your ear, you skin tingles in a moment of sensually charged mystery--the identity of the stranger behind you totally unknown. The breathing gets deeper, longer and warmer. The electricity sizzles through your veins. Unable to hold back any longer, you clamp your eyes shut and, staring into the darkness, shout as loud as you can "I must know who you are!"

Slowly and quietly, the stranger exhales words, "I am Innis".

All right, so maybe that doesn't really give you a fantastic idea of what's happening on Innis' social scene at the moment. That's not to say,

however, that there are not the usual medley of events springing up around the College. The end of the month will see our annual Halloween party--a specific date, time and place will be posted ASAP. The Innis Formal is still a while away--but planning is going to start very soon. If you're interested in helping out in any fashion, let me know. I'm in room 225 at the Residence, or you can reach me at 923-9354. Finally, the Weekly Pub is still going and going strong. The first bunch were a massive success with over 200 people showing up around 10ish. In the weeks to come, we're going to have some bands in to play, some DJs spinning and some other cool attractions. I hope to see you there!

**Join us at the Innis Pub every Wednesday night at 9 pm in the Pit!!!**

## The Registrar's Desk

**Innis Writing Centre**  
Would you take this offer?

One-on-one consultations all year with an experienced U of T faculty member, aimed at helping you get the most out of University. Price? Absolutely Nothing.

**Writing Fitness Assessment:**

Bring a piece of work you wrote last year to the Innis Writing Centre (Room 322, St. George Wing). An experienced, supportive writing tutor will show you your strengths and areas for improvement, and will preview how we can help you develop your writing and editing skills this year. (In first year? Bring a high school essay!) Again, this service is FREE.

Call 978-4871 for an appointment.

[www.utoronto.ca/innis/services/writing.html](http://www.utoronto.ca/innis/services/writing.html)

**Are you enrolled in a Math or Stats Course?**

Innis has an experienced, in house tutor to assist you!

-free personal tutoring  
-all first and most second-year courses

-available to all Innis students, all students in the Innis Residence and all students enrolled in any INI designated course. Innis Math/Stats Tutoring Centre

Room 313, Innis College.

**Hours**

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday:

11:00am-1:00pm and 2:00pm-5:00pm

Thursday:

11:00am-1:00pm and 2:00pm-6:00pm

## SAC Health & Dental Plans

### The Plans

All full-time undergraduates (four credits or more) are automatically covered under the Accident and Sickness Insurance Plan and the Student Dental Plan.

The Health Plan is based on a pay-direct card system that covers 80% of most curative prescription drugs prescribed by a physician. Your pay direct drug card will be mailed to you during first semester.

### Opting Out

You may opt out of either or both of these plans during the September 14 to October 9 opt-out period. However, in order to opt-out

of the Accident and Sickness Insurance plan you must declare that you are already covered under another extended health care plan (not including OHIP or UHIP). Refund cheques will be mailed to you in the amount \$41.45 for the health plan and \$70.47 for the dental plan.

### Health Plan Coverage:

-Pays 80% of the cost of curative prescription drugs.

Various accident coverage.

-12 Month plan (Sept. 1 to Aug 31).

-Optional family coverage (\$76.76 plus PST).

-The NEW Pay-direct drug card will be mailed directly to you.

-24 hour coverage.

### Dental Plan Coverage

-80% Dental Exam includes diagnosis, treatment plan and x-rays.

-60% Cleaning and Fluoride treatments.

-50% fillings, extractions, periodontic work and root canals.

-Optional family coverage (\$130.50 plus PST).

-Up to \$800 per person per year.

-24 hour coverage.

Ed: If you have any questions or concerns regarding the Student's Administrative Council, speak to your Innis rep Zoohra Moosa.

## First Year Life: Looking at it from the Genesis

Peter Quinlan

I am a first year student here at Innis College. Before I came I had many people, teachers, parents and my older sister telling me how different, hard and overwhelming it would be. I suppose in a sense it is a little overwhelming, but the build up I had does not make it seem so. The only thing that was a shock to me was the lesser involvement of the faculty in the my scholastic career. The last year I was in high school, I was not looked at as an adult. I had to be watched, my attendance was always monitored. Councilors

would call me in to make sure everything was going well. I was an adult still being treated as a grade school child. They said it was to prepare me for university. I wonder if they truly thought about how different university is. Here I was expected to know and do everything for myself, which got me into trouble a few times. You do not have to go to class, no one calls you into their office to make sure you're on the right track. You are responsible for yourself. It is almost as though in one summer you are expected to become a to-



tally self sufficient adult who looks after every little detail of their own life. To find out anything here you usually have to search for it (and on one of the biggest campuses in North America that can be a big prob-

lem). That was really the only huge change that I was forced to go through that I was never told about. Yes, there is more work here and that you must find your own drive to do it (the amount of money you pay really helps), but that you were told about and had a mental preparation. The best thing I found though when I came here was the people. All the people here are the cream of the crop so to speak in more ways than just marks. They are all mature people who are really cool. Frosh week was a great way to find that out. I

would be a bored person if frosh week had never happened. I met almost every Innis frosh student (I forgot almost all their names too, but this is my own problem), and I didn't find one person who I don't think I could get along with. The activities were great fun as well. The Hart House Farm was my personal favourite with the night at Peel Pub running a close second. Frosh week taught me one of the most important things about being here at university: yes, you're here to learn, but you're also here to have fun.

# Pop Culture Comment: Gaming, the hobby of the last lost generation

Mac Pearsall

Zap!

Kday, now don't get me wrong here; I love the *Nintendo 64*. It's a remarkable improvement over the games we used to play in elementary school. However, I imagine that pretty soon we'll be able to relive the stagnation we felt with those clunkers in 3-D - just about - pretty close - quit complaining *Virtual Reality*. Imagine *Virtual Pong*; you can actually feel that fiendish little sphere bouncing off of your skull in competition with a friend.

My only gripe with the new systems is that too much energy is devoted to storylines behind games. Back in the good old days of what must have been two and four bit systems, game designers weren't too concerned with the plot synopsis. Think of the insightful melodrama that was *Q-Bert*; a fluorescent, mutant sea-urchin with a bizarre nasal deformity endures hysterical spasms of vertigo on a huge psychedelic pyramid, perpetually seeking to escape the reptile things "Colley the Snake" I think was the name) chasing after him. Also, don't forget the shimmering frisbees which he could pogo-hop onto in dire

cases of emergency.

I mean, somebody actually came up with this idea. What's even more astonishing is that other people then agreed with this person - that it actually was indeed a good idea. Then these people sat down together to think up a clever and intriguing title with which they can advertise. Imagine the scene: a bunch of marketing execs sitting around in the meeting room, trying to come up with a name for the new gaming sensation. "I know!" exclaims a youthful, bright-eyed whippersnapper. "Q-Bert!"

"No, no," reply the others, snickering. "We should stick with Fisher's 'Fernboy' idea." There just wasn't a need for plot detail. Playing the games was a more visceral sensation - some gland at the base of your melon took over and guided the player. No conscious thought was required.

Consider *Berserk*, in which the heavily armed player shot at polygons and was pursued by a bouncing, homicidal happy face. This unnamed hero had no idea why he was shooting things, where he was, who he was or why a bouncing happy face followed him so

closely. He certainly didn't wonder why a happy face wanted to kill him. There was no time for such trivial nonsense. There will be polygons to be shot.

In the ideal *Atari* world, we would all be too busy shooting things and fleeing happy faces to wonder how our actions would affect our children's development, if we were contributing to the world's already too large supply of 'shot things', or how these things felt about being shot at. It was for these similar reasons that Atari's long-awaited video game *Group Hug* and its sequel *Group Hug 2: Come on Then, Have a Good Cry* were such colossal failures.

Even before these there were the tiny little games that looked like the actual arcade games booths, but miniaturized. (They were about the size of a toaster, but much more fun to play with.) There were only a handful of games available here. *Pac-Man* and *Frogger* come to mind.

Again, disregard for storyline is quite evident. In *Frogger*, the player controls a rogue amphibian who has strayed from the swamp and now desperately needs to cross the 401

at peak, noon-hour traffic. "Why is he doing this?" you ask. Apparently our scaly friend has 'Mount Everest Conquest Disorder Syndrome' - "Because its there," the great, green hero says with a shrug. Ah, what mischief young, hormone-heavy toads get into.

Should the player display the dexterity and drive to transport the frog across the highway, he is rewarded with not seeing the fearless reptile crushed into a gooey red pulp beneath an eighteen-wheel truck in the middle of the road.

Who am I kidding? That would have been good enough for me to buy the game. But that kind of *Pulp Fiction* violence just wasn't popular with game players then.

Need I go into *Pac-Man*? A big yellow period with a mouth devours those *Pong* spheres, all the while chased by some ghosts. However, this seemingly innocuous little story is quite dark and sinister. Enraged at the treatment of his people by the ghosts, *Pac-Man* turns to narcotics - "Power Pellets" were the benign term for these hideously powerful steroids which he devoured the way ravers do ecstasy. *Pac-Man*, in a bloody haze of revenge, then

concocted his foes, but his ghastly enemies rise from the dead to haunt him once more when the hopeless junkie descends from his killing rampage. And so the story continues for evermore.

When you think about it, its hard to imagine that parents let their young, impressionable children play these games.

Some mini-arcade games, like *Space Invaders*, advertised "Head-to-Head" play, and meekly offered two little one-inch joysticks protruding from the machine, again, the size of a toaster.

The reason it said "Head-to-Head" play was not so much indicative of the option for two-player games, but moreso because you had to smash your heads together so you could both see the greeting-card sized screen. Maybe that's why we're looked upon as such a lost generation; we wasted our braincells mashing our heads together, all in the name of victory and bragging rights. "I beat Billy at *Space Invaders*!"

I love the old videogames - less plot, more headbutts, senseless bloodshed and cannibalism.

## Free Friday Films @ 7pm

Gummo - October 2

USA - 1997 - 88 min - Directed by Harmony Korine Starring Nick Sutton, Jacob Reynolds "Completely free of story, momentum and good taste, *Gummo* is a corrosive portrait of the desolate backwater town of Xenia, Ohio, a town still crippled by the effects of a twenty-year-old encounter with a tornado...

The twenty-three year-old Korine seems to be a post-adolescent savant, displaying imagination and rigor moments after plummeting into the most childish and irresponsible depths imaginable in a widely released American Movie." - Mr. Showbiz

Freaks - October 2

USA - 1932 - 63 min - Directed by Tod Browning This legendary "Horror" movie is perhaps the most unusual film ever made and certainly one of the most unsettling. Based on Tod Robbins

*Spurs*.

Underground - October 9

France/Germany/Hungary - 1995 - 192 min

Directed by Emir Kusturica Starring Miki Manojlovic, Lavar Ristovski Winner of the Palme D'or at the Cannes Film Festival in 1995. "...a wild, surreal, bizarre, carnivalesque fantasy that covers decades in the history of Yugoslavia - a work that owes as much to Fellini as it does to Kafka." - Piers Handling Jesus Christ Superstar - October 16

USA - 1973 - 108 min - Directed by Norman Jewison Starring Ted Neeley, Carl Anderson, Barry Dennen A bunch of singin' hippies liberally retell the story of Jesus Christ's final week on Earth. A gospel-rock soundtrack from notorious musical team Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice salutes the film's incessant fusion of bible landscapes and seventies grooviness.

El lado oscuro corazon - October 23 (The Dark Side of The Heart)

Argentina/Canada - 1992 - 127 min - Directed by Eliseo Subiela. Starring Dario Grandinetti, Sandra Ballesteros, Nach Guevara "Writer/Director Eliseo Subiela (*Man Facing Southeast*) graces his adventurous material with whimsy and dreamlike beauty,

filming in tones of amber-gold and silvery blue, pacing scenes to the erotic pulse of tangos and boleros." - The Washington Post

This Screening sponsored by the Spanish Centre for Language and Culture.

Nightmare Before Christmas - October 3D

USA - 1993 - 76 min - Directed by Henry Selick

Voices of Danny Elfman, Catherine D'Hara, Pee-Wee Herman

"Working with gifted artists and designers, (Tim Burton) has made a world here that is as completely new as the worlds we saw for the first time in such films as *Metropolis*, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* or *Star Wars*. What all these films have in common is a visual richness, so abundant that they deserve more than one viewing. First, go for the story. Then go back just to look in the corners of the screen, and appreciate the little visual surprises and inspirations that are tucked into every nook and cranny." Roger Ebert

## ICSS NEWS

### ICSS Budget Meeting

Sunday, October 18 @ 6:30pm at the ICSS office (Room 116 Innis College)

For any and all interested ICSS parties wishing to submit budget requests contact ICSS Internal Officer Savtaj Brar at 340.7578 or 978.0840. Sav can be reached in person in the ICSS office or at room 225 of Innis Residence.

All budget requests must be submitted to Sav.

Budget requests must include an exact dollar and cents figure as well as a detailed outline of how the funds will be spent.

Requests must be submitted by Friday, October 16 to be considered in the ICSS budget for the 1998/1999 academic year.

See How Your Precious Student Fees ARE Being Spent! You Have a Voice and a Vote!

### ICSS Elections

Taking place on September 29th to the 30th, the positions

of two first year reps, a WUSC rep, thirteen Innis College Council reps and a social rep will be elected. Nomination forms are available at the ICSS office, room 116 of the college and/or in Sav's room (225) at the Residence. All the nomination forms are due September 28th.

Voting will take place for two consecutive days in from of the ICSS office from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm.

### Purchase Innis Merchandise

Support the ICSS and be cool at the same time by buying some Innis stuff. Available via Randy in room 225 or through the ICSS office (Monday to Friday between 10 am and 4 pm), the following merchandise is on sale:

- Innis shot glasses: \$2
- Innis shorts: \$20
- Innis tear-aways: \$25
- Innis sweatshirts: \$35
- Innis sweatshirts with hoods: \$30
- Innis travel mugs: \$5

# Innis Sports

## Co-ed Intramural Softball Tournament.

-Everyone had a good time and played with lots of Innis spirit. The support from the fans was much appreciated, but more participants would have helped.

All ICSS members (that means Innis College students or those living in Residence) are welcome to come out to any of the following games either as participants or fans.

## Co-ed Volleyball Game Schedule.

Monday, September 28 @

8:00pm

Monday, October 5 @ 8:00pm

Monday, October 19 @

7:00pm

Monday, October 26 @

10:00pm

Monday, November 2 @

7:00pm

## Co-ed Ultimate Frisbee Game Schedule.

Sunday, September 27 @

11:00am

Sunday, October 4 @ 2:00pm

Saturday, October 17 @

12:00pm and 2:00pm

Sunday, October 25 @

2:00pm

\*Co-ed Basketball Schedule to follow.

Please check the Intramural Board in The Innis College Pit or contact Melanie

340.8660 for more details.

## Men's Rugby Game Schedule.

Sunday, October 4 @

12:00pm - Trinity Field.

Sunday, October 18 @

2:00pm - Back Campus.

Sunday, October 25 @

12:00pm - Trinity Field.

Sunday, November 1 @

11:00am - Back Campus.

## Men's Soccer (Innis/Victoria) Game Schedule.

Monday, September 28 @

4:30pm

Saturday, October 17 @

12:30pm

\*All games played on Front Campus

## Men's Touch Football (Innis/Victoria) Game Schedule.

Monday, September 28 @

5:00pm

Monday, October 5 @

5:00pm

Thursday, October 15 @

4:00pm

All games are played on Back Campus.

## Attention all Ice Hockey Players.

If you are interested in playing Intramural men's non-contact (full equipment) ice-hockey for Economics/Innis, please contact George at 922.3193 or [georgop@chass.utoronto.ca](mailto:georgop@chass.utoronto.ca)

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**or see her in Room 305**



# entertainment



The Changing of Hands: (L) Sarah Stanley, current director (R) Sky Gilbert, founder and former director

## Info on Buddies in Bad Times Theatre

Located at 12 Alexander Street  
Box Office: (416) 975-8555  
Administration (416) 975-9130  
Fax: (416) 975-9293  
E-mail: buddies@clo.com

## BUDDIES IN BAD TIMES

Ed McLaughlin

Buddies In Bad Times Theatre launched its 20th anniversary season with an exuberant party at Tallulah's Cabaret last Thursday. I won't miss a chance to schmooze with the beautiful people so of course I was there to check out the scene. The place was packed with mostly theatre and media people so I was amazed that there was any munches left when I got there. Food was provided by Cafe Sassafras and it was divine. I especially loved the smoked salmon thingy and the crispy pastry stuffed with whatever it was. Yummy!

Artistic director Sarah Stanley regaled us with memo-

ries of her times at Buddies and introduced several directors whose work will be shown this season. From October 14 to November 8, Franco Boni will direct the world premiere of R.M. Vaughan's camera, women. This is the story of Dorothy Arzner. Hollywood's first out lesbian director (I thought it was Barbara Sriesand) who, at the height of her success in 1943, walked off the set and away from a film she never would complete. Not a great career move. To find out why she did it (I'm guessing it wasn't PMS) we're going to have to see the play. Sunday matinees and Tuesday evenings

are Pay What You Can.

The Under The Gun Series sounds like a lot of fun if you're a masochist. Hey do you know any actor who isn't? Directors and actors are given two hours to rehearse a script and then they perform it. Talk about pressure. Yikes! Under The Gun will be presented November 22, January 24 and March 28.

Literary salon nights continue with Tallulah's Tanked, a monthly reading series taking place on selected Monday evenings throughout the season in Tallulah's Cabaret: October 26, November 30, January 25, March 29, April 26 and May 31.

## Strike While the Iron Is Hot: An Interview with Writer/director Sara Kernochan

Ed McLaughlin

Meeting director Sara Kernochan at the Sutton Place hotel was a very pleasant experience. Expecting a New Englander type I was surprised to meet a tall, tanned, willowy blonde woman who appeared to be more like a valley girl than a Yankee. She was charming, bright and witty-despite a gruelling publicity tour. Here's what she had to say about her new film *Strike*.

"I wrote it back in 1990 and it took that long to get it put up. Part of the problem was that I was perceived as a first time filmmaker even though I'd made a documentary (Academy award winner *Marjo*) and the other problem was that the casting didn't make any sense to anyone in the film business. It's mostly 16 year old girls-so we can't have any stars there and the only other adult part is a woman in her 50's. So of course they're not interested in that because it was so skewed to a young girl audience. Although I always perceived the audience being larger than that. Even though the movie could be made and I did make it relatively cheaply, they just didn't see the economic sense in it. And I feel very vindicated that this moment has come because not only has it come, but it has been proved by sev-

eral other movies that there's an enormous teen and female audience out there which was crucial in putting *Titanic* into the black, if it ever gets there (laughs). No, *Clueless* was really the film that told everybody... I felt like Cassandra out there. Year after year.. they're out there, and they'll show up for this. Although I have simply written a movie that I'd like to see. So I felt like women my age, or parents my age, would love making the trip back to 1963 with me. Well, it was pure euphoria recreating the past. I mean how many people get to do that, get to go back to high school - and be boss? There haven't been any girls boarding school movies made in this country but England of course, has that nice tradition of *St. Trinians* movies. I've seen all of them, they're a riot. In fact I felt I had a mission with this movie. To make something that was fun, that didn't have any nudity - there's no bad language which is almost more fun I think. Like the title originally was the *Hairy Bird* which in my day meant penis. I had a singing group at the school that this movie was based on called the *Fingernails* and Glenn Close was a member as well. I'm surprised this wasn't in the press kit because it was such a funny story. We used to do take-offs on popular songs of the day



and do skits. It was great, it was pre *Saturday Night Live*, you know off the wall humour. So when it came to doing the end credit song I decided that I wanted to write it, I wanted to sing it and I wanted the *Fingernails* to sing backup and we were going to do a faux *Shangri-la* song for the film. So that's what happened, Glenn and everybody reunited and we recorded the song in the studio. Glenn is the first voice you hear on the single. In the title sequence we have an animated hairy bird - a dancing penis."

The film uses Toronto to substitute for Connecticut and the director was impressed with the quality of the film crews

here. "The Canadians were great, I can't tell you. Not just the crew but the acting pool was phenomenal. Even the extras who were not professionals. Remember a scene where a drunk boy falls off the risers in the gym? That was an extra doing it right out of his head. The extras were so great because they really got into the spirit of it. And they were there week after week after week. It wasn't like they just came on once for a crowd scene, they really entered the story. They really got into the spirit of it and they were one of the great unexpected things about working in Canada." I enquire that hopefully she'll be back and she quickly responds "Oh I'd love to. You know the level of the acting is great and certainly so are the crews. It's a great place to make a movie."

The phone rings and she's told that she has another interview in 10 minutes so we have to hurry. I thank her for hanging in and ask her about Lynn Redgrave's (who is great playing the headmistress) strange line about if boys were allowed in the school, that the girls would succumb to "The irresistible domination of men." She explains that the school she went to and on which the story is based was "founded by a suffragette, a real bluestocking, a card carrying feminist.

So the tradition that this headmistress is talking about is obviously one that she's been trying to invoke during her term. It was believed that to turn out really strong women at the school that it wasn't just a matter of etiquette and tea service, piano and voice lessons. I mean she gave them a fully rounded classical education that was every bit as ambitious as the men's schools. She also gave them a very, very aggressive sports program which was totally unusual for the time, the turn of the century. So when the headmistress speaks from a feminist standpoint it is something which has been handed down. If it sounded jarring to you as a feminist statement being made, before the modern women's movement came about, it's because that sensibility was actually born decades earlier and had been sort of buried in the 50's. I wanted to depict in the movie the first glimmerings of the women's consciousness movement and also of student radicalism. The demonstration that they pull off, the spontaneous taking over of the dorm, that actually didn't happen in

history until a few years later at Berkley. But you know the civil rights movement was happening and non violent demonstration was on the scene. Certainly Ghandi's teachings were available to everyone."

"It interested me to show that these girls are the precursor of what we are now familiar with in terms of women's consciousness. That they were in the vanguard. Which I felt myself to be in at the time, although we didn't have words

for it. We didn't have slogans or a party line. We didn't know how to express it. I just knew that I wasn't going to immediately turn around and get married after I left school. I knew that I was going to be a writer but that was unusual at the time. Certainly it was unusual at my school because it was probably just the *Fingernails*, just the group of us, that felt that we were going to go on to something bigger and better. The D.A.R. (Daughters

of the American Ravioli)-lead characters in the film- is sort of based on the *Fingernails*."

She has written a musical that was performed off Broadway and has two music albums to her credit. I asked about her musical talent and she said "I come from a line of composers, both my grandfather and my father are amateur composers, so music is in my blood. Yeah!"

Asked about what's up next she tells me "I've just com-

pleted a novel that I did to kind of get away from showbiz for awhile, so that will be going out to publishers. When I say just completed I mean last week and I'm waiting to see how it goes. It was fun not having to work by committee. I have published a novel before but it's been like 20 years. It was called *Dry Hustle* and I can't even have it around the house in case my daughter comes across it, it's so raunchy. I'm also revising a draft

of a sequel to *Impromptu*, the movie I made with my husband, covering the end of the George Sand/Chopin affair. That's kind of how I've been filling my time until this movie was released and I see what's to become of me."

*Strike* is a funny, charming film that has great characters, an inspirational message and reminds us that sisters have indeed been doin' it for themselves for a long time. Right On!

## movie reviews



Getting into the screening of "54": (L) The stars of "54", (Centre) The police officer was as close as I got to the opening of "54", (R) Some of the beautiful people who were admitted to the trendy party

### 54: The 70s Flashback

Timothy Pinnell

Did disco die? Apparently not, if one can judge by the boom in 70's-themed movies which have been released in the last year. Hot on the heels of Boogie Nights and The Last Days of Disco, 54 claims to be the most provocative movie of the year, but lacks the spark of both of those movies. Certainly, the story of the famed disco club where "princes danced with plumbers" is an intriguing one. The movie, unfortunately, takes a less than intriguing viewpoint of the club.

We follow pretty boy Shane O'Shea (Ryan Phillippe) as he leaves New Jersey for New York and a bartending job at Studio 54. Shane's and the other characters' struggles have all been done before in much better movies. More interesting is Steve Rubell (Mike Myers), the club's nerdy, balding owner, who seems an anomaly in this fantasy land of the beautiful and wealthy. Myers doesn't get enough screen time to fill out this complex character and leaves more of an impression than a characterization.

In fact, the most interesting parts of the movie are the factual details about the club and the 1970's: an 80 year old disco diva was particularly amusing. Unfortunately, there are not enough of these moments in the film. Though it lacks the outrageousness of Boogie Nights and the wit of The Last Days of Disco, 54 is a fun diversion-rather like the disco music so prominent in the film. It's rather embarrassing to admit to liking either of them, though.

### Regeneration

Albert Lacey

*Regeneration* is a film about the horrors of war. Set in 1917 Scotland at a mental hospital for soldiers suffering from shell shock, the film centers on Dr. William Rivers (Jonathan Price) and three of his patients. Dr. Rivers is charged with curing the soldiers sent to him so they can go back to the front and fight. At first confident in what he is doing, he begins to have doubts after several confrontations with his patients.

Siegfried Sassoon (James Wilby), is a courageous and decorated officer who, after speaking out against what he says has become a war of aggression, is sent to the hospi-

tal by his superiors rather than court martialled. There he clashes with Dr. Rivers and meets another officer and budding poet, Wilfred Owen (Stuart Bunce). Owen admires Sassoon who has written poetry as well and Sassoon encourages Owen to write about the war.

Another patient, Billy Prior (Jonny Lee Miller), arrives at the hospital suffering from mutism and memory loss. After his speech returns he is angry and reluctant to help Dr. Rivers cure him.

The movie's gloomy setting amid the green and foggy Scottish countryside is juxtaposed

against flashbacks of the front, where soldiers hide in wet muddy trenches while shells go howling overhead. In one particularly striking scene a soldier is blown to bits by a shell and his trench mates have to shovel what's left of him into a bag. A soldier looks down and there's an eyeball at his foot. War isn't pretty. It destroys people and yet as the movie seems to say there is a renewal, a regeneration.

### Seeing Private Ryan

Andrew Lee

Be the first one out of the boat, keep the action of your gun clean and buy your tickets in advance, or else you might miss it. Tom Hanks knows how to choose his movies and it begins to seem that he just doesn't make any bad ones. Directed by Steven Spielberg, *Saving Private Ryan* details the story of eight men sent into enemy occupied France during WWII to find the only surviving Ryan Brother, of four enlisted. The army decides that it will be good relations to send the Ryan family's only living son home, and so, more than 50 years after this real story unfolded, I bought a ticket to see it.

You will see many well known actors from other movies in this film, but not in the way that you are accustomed. All of the actors were sent through a rough basic training directed by real army personnel, to add the realistic look to each character's manner, look and eyes. It is a story that many of us, who have always known peace, and probably have never even seen a gun fired up close, may just accept as another WWII story of many. The element of realism in this movie, however, jars you into the realization of what war is really like. "War is hell" is for us an accurate saying. For most of us, war is as abstract as the concept of hell.

Do not bring your date to this movie, or your action seeking friend who loved T2 and all the bad catch phrases. On second thought, bring that buddy, and that date, for all the reasons that you should see *Saving Private Ryan*. See this movie to understand. The best way to describe how you will feel after seeing this movie is how I have written this article. Solemn, respectful, surprised and grasping. After the lights went up and the credits rolled, I could see people in their seats grasping as well, for a handle on what they had just seen. Most left the theatre quietly, from what was an extremely graphic, violent, moving and beautifully startling movie. Spend three hours of your real life seeing a reality that none of us hope to ever live.

## What Dreams May Come

Ed McLaughlin

Director Vincent Ward's new film 'What Dreams May Come' is unlike any film ever made in Hollywood. An epic love story with astounding special effects, viewers will probably either love it or hate it. It is a story so unusual, about what might happen to us when we die, that few people will be able to sit on the fence with an opinion. If you can handle the sugar syrupy love talk you'll be ok. Critics sometimes call a film like this a three hanky movie, and there was some sniffing going on at the screening I attended. I just hope I wasn't too loud.

A synopsis from the press kit goes like this 'For Chris (Robin Williams), his love for his wife

(Annabella Sciorra) defines the core of his being and completes his very soul. When they met, they were conjoined as soul mates in a divine love to exist no longer as two, but as one. If Destiny decrees that Chris must journey through Paradise and the very depths of the Underworld to find her, then he will...and he does!' If this is too much sweetness for you then you might not enjoy this love story. However the director keeps things moving along and despite the soaring music every time the lovers share a look or a kiss, I found myself enthralled by both the story and the visuals.

Robin Williams is superb as the man who reaches beyond

the pale to save the love he cannot, indeed will not, forget. He delivers a remarkable and understated performance in a role that could easily have been overplayed. Annabella Sciorra makes us fall in love with her character too, so that we understand her husband's literally undying love (sorry, I couldn't resist that). Cuba Gooding JR. and Max Von Sydow (playing a guide through hell, instead of Death himself as in The Seventh Seal) ably round out the cast.

I'm pretty much a cynical ol'bastard and if this film worked for me (it did), then it will work for most of you also. It is a life affirming love story and unlike any film made in a



long time. Based on the ancient myth of Orpheus and Eurydice this film updates the tragic story in a daring and original way. Classical paintings like Hieronymus Bosch's 'Heaven and Hell' are the background for much of the action,

and the effect is totally awesome. Perhaps the best film about the afterlife since Marcel Camus' 'Black Orpheus' and Jean Cocteau's 'Orpheus'. Love it or hate it, you will never forget it.

## Urban Legends as Contemporary Cultural Litmus Test

Anonymous

In the current film *Urban Legend*, Robert Englund (Freddie Kruger of *Nightmare on Elm Street* fame) plays Wexler, a college professor who teaches a class called "Intro to American Folklore." On the syllabus: a discussion of those sometimes funny, sometimes frightening contemporary folktales known as urban legends, which are given a scholarly spin when they are studied in the context of the culture that spawned them and the people who believe them.

During one class, Wexler describes the popular legend about the babysitter who receives menacing phone calls about the children under her care, then traces the calls to the upstairs bedroom. "It is an urban legend," he explains, "contemporary folklore passed on as a true story. There are variations of this one dating back to the '60s. All of them containing the same cultural admonition: young women, mind your children or harm will come your way."

Englund's character isn't merely celluloid fiction. Professor Peter Tokosky teaches a course similar to the one described in the movie as part of his Folklore and Mythology curriculum at UCLA.

Tokosky says he's never done an in-class experiment like the one Wexler performs in the movie, which demonstrates the notorious "Mikey" legend. Mikey, the kid who "eats everything" in the Life cereal commercials, allegedly died when his stomach imploded after ingesting Pop Rocks and Pepsi.

"I discuss a lot of these legends with the students, and we talk about some of the versions that the students know," explains the professor. "It's ac-

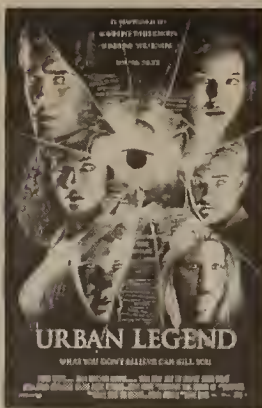
tually almost a secondary question whether a legend is true or not. Since they clearly do exist and people find them worthy of repeating, my question is, 'What's the appeal of these things to people?' I don't think the ultimate truth or verification of them is what makes them appealing. Along the lines of what Wexler said in the movie, I think that they're telling us about our culture. What are we saying about ourselves when we tell them? Most of these stories, after you scrutinize the details of the text, turn out not to be viable. But I don't see that as my job—you can debunk it all you want, the story's still there."

"In my experience," says Tokosky, "the most widely known legend in the U.S.—even though it is well past its peak—is the one that is not in the movie and that involves certain famous personalities having problems with certain rodents."

Norine Dresser, though retired from the American Studies faculty at Cal State L.A., remains quite active in the world of Folklore studies. The author of *American Vampires*, she has written numerous articles in the academic press, among them "The Case of the Missing Gerbil" [Western Folklore, vol. 53, no. 3, July '94, pp.229-242], in which she methodically puts to rest any claims that the story is true. She also proposes a number of reasons why the public is so fascinated with this legend, which ridicules a movie actor whose reputation is based largely on his sex appeal to women.

Whether or not an Urban Legend is true, it can usually be found in one of five books

by one of America's leading folklorists, Professor Jan Harold Brunvand of the University of Utah. His motto: "Truth never stood in the way of a really good story." The gerbil legend was indeed chronicled as "The Colo-Rectal Mouse" in his 1986 book *Mexican Pet*,



well before it allegedly happened to the film star, as were many of the legends that pepper the movie *Urban Legends*—The Stuck Couple, The Killer in the Back Seat, The Death of Little Mikey, The Microwaved Pet, The Corpse in the Car, The Murdered Boyfriend and the Kidney Heist.

The last one is cited by Dresser, Tokosky and Brunvand as one of the hottest stories going. Like many legends, it has an element that makes it believable—that since the advent of cryo-medicine, organs can be frozen and it is plausible there would be a black market for them—even though any methodical legend-buster can take them apart. It's the rest of the story that doesn't pass muster.

Real or not, the legend is chilling and compelling. Brunvand says he first wrote

of The Kidney Heist back in 1991. He sets up a typical version of the story in his latest book, *The Baby Train*: "A typical version of the story tells of a group of young men who went to New York City for a weekend of fun. One of them meets a woman in a bar, and tells his buddies he's going to spend the night at her place. They don't hear from him until late the next day when he phones to say 'I think I'm in such-and-such hotel in room number so-and-so, but there's something wrong with me and you'd better come and get me.'"

"When the friends arrive at the hotel room they find their friend in bed and the sheets splattered with blood. He is very weak. When they try to help him out of bed, they discover a fresh surgical closure on his back and still more blood, so they rush him to a hospital. There it is discovered that the man had had one of his kidneys removed, and they concluded that he had been drugged so his kidney could be taken for sale on the black market for human organs."

The story has been told and re-told, always with certain specifics, like the fact that the operations were performed by a medical student, so the patient lived afterward, or that the victim was left propped up in ice water, waking up to a note that said "call 911". The locale is a major variable, having taken place from New Orleans to Brazil to Norway. Tokosky—always on the lookout for the meaning and the fears behind the story—sees the legend as a "cautionary tale, a comment on promiscuity and one-night stands and so forth."

Tokosky cites another legend

from the movie that was originally seen by anthropologists as an expression of racist fear. The High-Beams Car Chase is described in a book by Patricia Turner called *I Heard It Through The Grapevine*, which examines legend and rumour in African-American communities. The story first manifested itself during the L.A. riots, when racial tensions were high and some whites feared venturing into black neighbourhoods.

Roving black "gangstas" would drive around without their headlights on, and when an oncoming car would flash its lights to alert them of the fact, the gangsta mobile would hang a U-turn and follow the car, tailgating it mercilessly until it either sustained damage, had an accident or somehow escaped. The movie version of this story has homogenized it, removing the racism angle and making it seem like headlight-tailgating is a fraternity stunt that, when imitated, can have fatal effects.

A number of legends have flourished via computer. There is a lively discussion on the "Snopes" site [The URL for this page in the Urban Legends Reference Pages is <http://www.snopes.com/spoons/faxlore/billgate.htm> Copyright 1995-1998 by Barbara and David P. Mikkelson; Don Crabb.] about a chain letter that Gates supposedly sent out guaranteeing everybody who wrote him a reward of \$1,000 for helping him test new software containing EEVP, or 'embedded executable virus program'.

Of course, if you're still waiting for a check in the mail from Bill Gates, you've probably taken this Urban Legend thing too far. Then again, that's the fun of these contemporary folktales that even university scholars find worth of study.



# music

## the update

### Tracks Confirmed For U2 Bonus Disc



U2

Island Records has confirmed the track list of the B-sides bonus album that will accompany the limited-edition version of "U2: The Best Of 1980 - 90." The songs, all of which have been previously released, are: "The Three Sunrises," "Spanish Eyes," "Sweetest Thing" (original version), "Love Comes Tumbling," "Bass Trap," "Dancing Barefoot," "Everlasting Love," "Unchained Melody," "Walk To The Water," "Luminous Times (Hold On To Love)," "Hallelujah, Here She Comes," "Silver And Gold," "Endless Deep," "A Room At The Heartbreak Hotel," and "Trash, Trampoline And The Party Girl." To be released Nov. 2, the B-sides disc will accompany a 14-track collection of the Irish rock band's best known material. The double set will be available to retailers on a one time basis. A week later, the special version will be deleted from the catalog and replaced by the regular edition

of "U2: The Best Of 1980 - 90," which will not have the second disc.

### ODB, Coolio Get Rap From Police

Wu-Tang Clan rapper Ol' Dirty Bastard (aka Russel Jones), was arrested the morning of Sept. 17 on a charge of making terrorist threats. The rapper was detained at a West Hollywood police station following an incident at the House of Blues nightclub. According to a Los Angeles Sheriff's Dept. spokesman, the rapper was drunk and disorderly while attending a gig at the club and was ejected by security staff, at which point "he threatened to return and kill them all." Jones was released later on the afternoon on \$50,000 bail; he is due to appear in Oct. 8 at Beverly Hills Municipal Court. His label, Elektra, declined to comment.

In an unrelated incident, Grammy-winning rapper Coolio was arrested Sept. 15 in Lawndale, Calif., on suspicion of carrying a concealed weapon and possession of marijuana. The rapper (real name Artis Ivey) was pulled over for driving his



Coolio

Hummer on the wrong side of the road; after conversing with officials, he was booked and released later that day. He is due to appear Oct. 21 in Torrance (Calif.) Municipal Court.

### New Bowie Tracks Feature Old Pal

After nearly 20 years' worth of bad feelings, David Bowie and producer Tony Visconti are working together again. The pair, who teamed up to make some of Bowie's most innovative and inspired work, including "Young Americans," "Low," "Heroes" and "Scary Monsters," have connected to record a track, "Skylife," for the "Rugrats" soundtrack on Interscope, as well as "Mother" for a forthcoming John Lennon tribute. Visconti says the original rift in the early '80s was caused by something he'd said in the press that Bowie perceived as a slight. A year and a half ago, he and Bowie had begun talking again, but once again, Bowie got upset when he read something Visconti had said. The "Rugrats" call served as all the impetus they needed to let



David Bowie

past transgressions go.

### Dylan Bootleg To Get Official Release

Bob Dylan's infamous 1966 "Royal Albert Hall" concert, where enraged folk fans hissed and booed at the artist and his choice to go electric, will finally be commercially available. Columbia/Legacy plans an Oct. 13 release for "Live 1966: The 'Royal Albert Hall' Concert - The Bootleg Series Vol. 4". Currently the only available recordings of the show - which was actually held at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, England - are on bootleg. Present on the recording are the sounds of the often-anxious crowd, who at one point attempted to halt Dylan's performance by clapping in hostile unison. Clearly audible is an audience member's now-famous cry of "Judas", a judgment to which Dylan retorted, "I don't believe you. You're a liar."



Bob Dylan

### Twain Sweeps Canadian Country Music Awards

Shania Twain was far and away the big winner at the Canadian Country Music Awards,

held Sept. 14 at Calgary's Jubilee Auditorium. The Mercury artist won in six of the eight categories she was nominated in, including female vocalist of the year, single of the year ("You're Still The One"), album and top-selling album of the year ("Don't Be Stupid"), and the CMT/Maple Leaf Foods Fan Choice Award. Teri Clark hosted the televised awards ceremony, which was the climax of Country Music Week '98.

In other country news, Garth Brooks will join actor Kirk Douglas, composer Jerry Herman, choreographer/actress Ann Reinking, and composer Lalo Schiffrin as recipients of the 17th annual Distinguished Artist Awards, presented by the Music Center of Los Angeles County. "Entertainment Tonight's" Mary Hart will be the mistress of ceremonies for the event, which will take place Nov. 4 at the Regent Beverly Wilshire Hotel. The awards ceremony honors prominent members in the music, drama, and visual arts fields.

Source: Billboard Music Edited by Peter Sobchak

## Street Sounds: What have you been listening to lately?



**Gina Manella**  
Cinema Studies student  
*Garbage: "Version 2.0"*  
"Garbage's most recent offering is very reminiscent of the first, but not as angry, without the same angst. This is only for hardcore fans. If you want a good Garbage album, get the first."



**Ada Ozkaplan**  
Cinema Studies student  
*Square Pusher: "Big Loodo"*  
"A distorted version of Aphex Twin, *Big Loodo* is full of fast, fucked up beats. People who like Aphex Twin should get this album."



**Kate Howse**  
Library assistant  
*Leahy: "Leahy"*  
"Leahy are a great local band, originating right here in Ontario. I love the Celtic sound, and I recommend this album to anyone who loves *Great Big Sea*."



**Alexi Manning**  
Ruler of "The Booth"  
*Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds: "Best Of"*  
"A great showman, Nick Cave is a consummate performer. This album is tight, fast and intense. Anyone who likes the voices of Leonard Cohen or Tom Waits should check this album out."



**Charlie Keil**  
Cinema Studies professor  
*Radiohead: "O.K. Computer"*  
"I wasn't familiar with Radiohead before this, but critical opinion swayed me to pick it up. It wasn't as sonically adventurous as I'd hoped, but I still recommend it."

## Out Of the Frying Pan

The Squirrel Nut Zippers, *The Perennial Favorites*  
Peter Sobchak

If America is a melting pot, then the South is a pressure cooker; the one region where wildly disparate cultures and traditions collided and intermingled and cooked together over the sometimes unforgiving heat of history and circumstance.

Nothing illustrates this more clearly than the music from the South. African-American work songs and church music begat the blues and eventually jazz. Church music, of course, came along with the ballads, narrative folk-songs, and the formalized dance music of the South's white settlers, mostly Scottish-Irish, but well representative of the 17th and 18th Century Europe as a whole. From this sound came the high lonesome sound of Hillbilly and Bluegrass music, when married to the blues, and fueled by early jazz, mutated into what we now know as country music and rock and roll. The French, driven out of Nova Scotia, added some spice to the pot, and up from the Caribbean came Calypso

and other Latin flavoured sounds.

The South is lurid and sexy, dangerous and full of secrets, full of myth and mystery, just like its music. In the South, music has always refused to cooperate. And so, like many Southerners, it migrated north, and continued to branch off and thrive like an unruly vine.

The Squirrel Nut Zippers are yet another modern mongrel of this tradition. This time, the story begins with rock & roll, the most recent southern idiom, and finds a bunch of Chapel Hill musicians rediscovering their antecedents and conjuring their musical past into a new, vivid paradigm. To call it swing music, or even Hot Jazz is to miss the point. It isn't a history lesson, or nostalgia, but a continuation of the Southern music tradition; to borrow and incorporate and invent; and to give it back to the folks as something new.

The Squirrel Nut Zippers germinated during some loose jam sessions after pot luck dinners

at the home of Jim Mathus (guitar, trombone, vocals) and Katherine Whalen (banjo, vocals). The musical menu was varied; old jazz standards, bluegrass and delta blues. Ken Mosher (guitar, baritone and tenor sax, clarinet) and drummer Chris Phillips were among the early guests. Later, Tom Maxwell (guitar, baritone and tenor sax, clarinet) began coming around, bringing with him his passion for Fats Waller's pipe organ pieces, Cab Calloway's bandstand patios, and old time Calypso artists like Lord Executor and The Growler.

The parties became more regular, and the more fun everyone had, the more they had the impulse to share it. They named themselves after an old time brand of chewy, peanut-flavoured sweets (still made in Massachusetts). The Zippers debuted in a tiny Chapel Hill, North Carolina basement bistro in November of 1993. Katherine wore white.

As the band converged on



Pittsboro, N.C. to record "**PERENNIAL FAVORITES**", the single "Hell" from their debut album "**HOT**" broke loose and became a hit on the radio and on video, surprising everybody. The only surprise really was that a small, unique band, with a very regional background had infiltrated and poked through the skin of the modern pop culture machine.

"**PERENNIAL FAVORITES**" is a snapshot of Southern music, as found by a particular band

in a small house in North Carolina. Some of the music is dressed up and elegant. Some is dark and conjuring. Some is brash and swinging. Some is simple and lovely. But all of it is the result of continuing effects of America's great cultural pressure cooker under which the fire is still very hot. The appeal of this music is obvious, reaffirming Duke Ellington's belief, "If it sounds good, it is good!"

## Comic soundtracks aren't for kids; they're for capitalists

Songs Of The Witchblade: Music From The Comic Book  
Eric Kim

Soundtracks are an interesting 90's phenomenon. Imagine! Now you can take your favourite movie (re: *Trainspotting*), take the cool music (*Trainspotting: The Soundtrack*) and make a million MORE dollars! In a funny way though, we can sympathize with the music and recall events in which the music played a dramatic role in the character's development.

An even more interesting phenomenon in the 90's are the Music Inspired by the Movie soundtracks, or the soundtrack sequel. In a way, *Songs of the Witchblade: A Soundtrack to the Comic Books* fits in nicely here. However, instead of being inspired by a movie called *Witchblade*, the music is actually inspired by the comic book.

*Witchblade*, for those who haven't picked up a comic for a while, is the brainchild of Michael Turner, Christina Z and D-Tron. From these minds came an idea to create a really eerie Spawn-esque comic with "soft" swearing (like "Goddammit!" and "Aw, SPIT!") and a lot of scantily-clad hero-



ines. Enter: Sara Pezzini, new owner of a *Witchblade*! As you can well imagine, a lot of interesting things happen to poor Sara as she tries wrestling with the responsibilities of being a modern 90's woman superhero as well as trying to resist the *Witchblade*'s desires to enslave her mind to its own mysterious will. And with Christina Z's scripting and Michael Turner's artwork, the

trio manage to pull it off and make it seem alive. That's kind of a shame, because *Songs of the Witchblade* is nothing but dead.

Kat Bjelland, the lead singer and guitarist in *Babes In Toyland*, brings together a good collection of artists together on this compilation (Buzz Osborne of *The Melvins*, Peter Steele from

*Type O Negative*, *Subcircus*, hell...even *Megadeth* for god's sakes!) and somehow made them produce about two hours worth of crap. In between Bjelland's banshee wails and the beat changes, there lie the always impressive lyrics (9-lives... / *Witchblade*!), as well as plenty of really crappy spoken pieces that break up the CD. What's interesting to note, is that Kat Bjelland composed all of it to sound that way, and even co-produced it. So much for her.

The only enjoyable parts of the CD are pretty much just half-listenable. Blue Valiant sounds much more polished than the rest, and even has lyrics that sound as if they could be remotely connected with the comic book. At it's best, the CD succeeds in recreating a certain atmosphere

that is familiar to *Witchblade* fans; that of an eerie surreality that exists only in the recesses of our minds. However, too often the listener finds themselves in Kat Bjelland's fucked-up world, which sounds a lot like the Haunted House ride at Disneyworld. Even worse, the beautiful crafted worlds of Turner, Z and D-Tron are completely helpless here, as the CD goes on to ruthlessly pick and choose different stories and horrendously warp them.

In the end, *Songs of the Witchblade* ends up sounding like a half-assed job. Less of a collaboration between artists and more like a collaboration between greedy money-grubbing bastards, this CD is as much a waste of time as it is a waste of energy. Don't buy it.

Got the new cd? Write a review for Pete. Call 978-4748.

# DYIN' TIME'S HERE

Various Artists, THE ART OF DARKNESS: 1982 - 1995  
 Eric Kim

Remember steel toed boots and long black trench coats? Remember the first time you dressed all in black, save for that silver cross dangling from your neck? Remember the fun you had applying that white makeup, bleaching out your looks and making yourself truly feel as if you'd achieved something new in life, something refreshing and offensive, yet at the same time...classy? Well if you don't, don't worry. This CO isn't designed with you in mind. But that's alright...it's quite friendly if you want to have a listen.

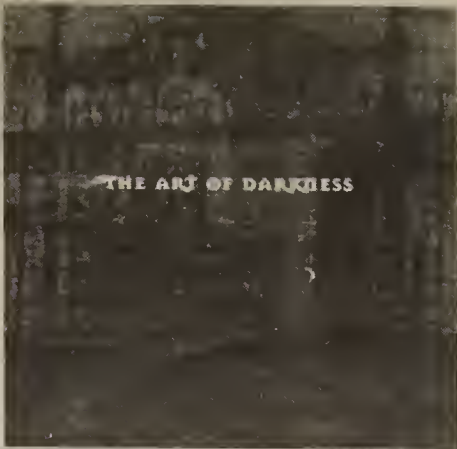
The Art Of Darkness is quite a CO package, bringing together a whole slew of favourites from The Sisters of Mercy to Skinny Puppy to Marilyn Manson and back to Bauhaus. Quite a package, and on occasion it even brings back memories of rituals in backyards, as well as that old club Death (re-

member that place? First club I knew with a dress code: Nothing but BLACK).

The compilation starts off quite nicely, bringing a track from the Sisters of Mercy, Corrosion, which goes well into Killing Joke's single, Love Like Blood. In fact, most of the first half hour sounds a lot like a retro disc, with selections from Peter Murphy, and some very old Ministry (Everyday is Halloween, of course). After that, however, it starts to go into the '90's aspect of the album, and that is where it begins to falter. I mean, who hasn't heard the Manson cover of Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This) about a zillion times already? (nobody, thanks to MuchMusic's Big Shiny crap albums.) Alas, from an historical perspective, I suppose Marilyn Manson is essential... same goes for Nine Inch Nails. The only track I didn't care for was The Cult's Roin. They still seem a lit-

tle too hard rock to be on this album, even if Ian Astbury and Billy Duffy were once part of Texas Death Cult. Thank God the compilation ends with Bauhaus' beautiful live version of Bela Lugosi's Dead.

The rest of the selections are well chosen to suit the overall tone and theme of the disc, and so it plays rather well. However, pretty much one listening session was all I could give it in a single sitting, and you can bet that when this album becomes popular, you'll never be able to respect these bands again... but that seems to be the way of a compilation disc. All in all, I'd have to say that this album wasn't a bad buy at all. I just wish that instead of trying to cater to a wider audience base, it had just tried to go for broke and chosen all of the really good songs that were not so much



typical of goth music, but quintessential goth anthems. In the end, if you're not much of a goth fan, it's really not for you. If you're an ex-goth (are there really such things?), you'll enjoy the memories that come from each song. If you're heavy into goth already though, then this might be a good place to get all your favourites on one disc. Just don't start asking the same questions I did... like

where are all the tracks from Joy Division, or some KMFDM, or even Ministry's Jesus Built My Hotrod. We all know they've been killed off by retro discs and movie compilations, or just by popularity. Besides, you wouldn't want them all on one disc anyways. Goth music was about flirting with death, not boredom.



## A Box Of Chocolates From Zeus

The Church, The Hologram of Baal  
 Bulent Ackman

Suspended mellowtronically between the smoother side of the Smiths in the early eighties and the political rage of Midnight Oil? Sometimes you want art without the politics and only a little concern?

Then this lo-fi approach is geared to maximize on your appreciation of subtle lyrical transformations in conjunction with a well timed attack guitar. After a day I decided that it had the kind of comfortable ment that bands like Parts Un-

known, The Mean Red Spiders, and the Fell Gang enjoy full well and I for one quite like. It really makes a mark when we notice the moment we start to feel better, after a prolonged darkness, that first fleet sensation that asks, after a pause, is it over?

This album is swift autumn material when you want something heavy on the chords but not on the ears. Casual, like a fresh olive with a bit of hot pepper, yum.

## Albums To Look For!

Week Of	Artist	Title
Sept. 29	Lenoard Nimoy William Shatner	"Spaced Out"
Oct. 6	Lighthouse Six By Seven Sepultura	"Best Of" "The Things We Make" "Against"
Oct. 13	Humble Pie The Art of Noise PUYA	"The Scrubbers Sessions" "Daft" "SOLO"
Oct. 20	Beck Vanilla Ice Aerosmith eels	"Mutations" "Hard to Swallow" "A Little South of Sanity" "Electro Shock Blues"
Oct. 27	Cher Guns N Roses	"Greatest Hits" "Welcome to the Videos"

### NOTICE: A Plea From the Editor In Chief

Call me the black sheep on the staff, I don't care. As far as I see it, there are not enough, if any, Rhythm and Blues, Hip Hop or Pop Group Cds reviewed in the Innis Herald. I personally would like to see a more diversified CD review section, but we need your help. If you listen to artists such as Lauren Hill, N Sync or even Whitney Houston, TALK TO ME..so please...when the new Spice Girls CD comes out, write me a review.!!!

# a concert look

## Two Percent Jazz, Ninety-Eight Percent Funky Stuff

Peter Sobchak

A concert is an event. That's the way it's supposed to be. That's why we slap down sometimes exorbitant amounts of money to see our favourite performers strut their stuff on stage for what seems to be our own personal pleasure. And yet, sometimes a concert is more than just a musical event, sometimes it is a piece of history. Like when performers such as the Stones, Clapton or Pink Floyd take the stage, you know you are witnessing one of the architects of modern music. You are witnessing history. September the 16th was a day like that, for on that day **Maceo Parker** took the stage at the Phoenix Concert Theatre, igniting the fires of history. Now, at this point you are probably asking "Maceo who?", and this would not be surprising. For to most people our generation, the name Maceo Parker is meaningless. Yet for those who

know their music history know that if it weren't for musicians like Parker, the Funkateer movement which includes the likes of Sly Stone, George Clinton, Bootsy Collins and Prince (to name a few) might never have started. Maceo Parker, under the banner of James Brown, was one of the designers of the one chord groove-oriented sound that pervades much of today's popular music.

Parker put his first band together back in college, backing up stars like Marvin Gaye and Ben E. King. He quit college to play in a band with his brother Melvin, to their parents' dismay, but luckily everything worked out. Their new employer turned out to be James Brown, and their first recording was called Papa's Got a Brand New Bag. After collaborating with Clinton and Collins to create and tour in the '80's with the various in-



carnations of Parliament Funkadelic, Parker finally formed his own band and began to tour extensively. Several albums soon followed, including his newest, Funk Overlord. A concert tour promoting this album landed Parker at the Phoenix, where I had the pleasure of seeing him perform.

What surprised me the most about the night turned out to be the audience. Having discovered Parker for myself by accident, I had never really put

much thought into what kind of a following he had, and to my surprise, it was mostly people my age. I suspect this astonishment came from the realization that most of Parker's current fans weren't even born when he was making musical history with James Brown and Parliament. They may not know or care about his musical pedigree, all they know is they have a funky good time when he comes to town. They waited patiently through the opening act, then erupted when Parker took the stage, screaming and flailing about (which I could only assume was dancing.

Never before had I seen so many white people crammed into one room who had absolutely no rhythm!). Parker, for his part, delighted the crowd with an array of antics and playfulness with both the audience and his band. His naturalness and relaxing manner on stage made watching them almost as much fun as listening to them. Songs such as "House Party" and "Shake Everything You've Got" almost brought the house down, and when the night was over, we all left with that satisfying feeling you can only get when you are privi-

### Selected Discography

**Roots Revisited** (PGD/Verve, Released 09/18/90)  
**Mo Roots** (PGD/Verve, 09/24/91)  
**Life on Planet Groove** (10/20/92)  
**Southern Exposure** (BMG/Jive/Nous 09/26/94)  
**My First Name Is Maceo** (Minor Music, 1994)

## Concerts To Watch For!

Date	Artist	Venue
Oct. 3	Tab Benoit	Silver Oollar Room
Oct. 3	Son Volt	Lee's Palace
Oct. 11	Better Than Ezra	Lee's Palace
Oct. 16	Natalie Merchant	Hummingbird
Oct. 26	Aerosmith	Copps Coliseum
Oct. 30	P.J. Harvey	Warehouse
Oct. 31	Cherry Poppin' Oaddies	Warehouse

## Tear The Roof Off The Sucka!

Bulent Ackman



The loogie I lobbed into her hair did not measure up to the snot she smeared in mine. My reply left a wet slick. The crowd turned ugly. Beer bottles scattered about. Her concrete shoes told me she was digging in. I stepped up to the side and just kept on funk'n.

Parliament Funkadelic: the original funk jiggers of Fuzzy Haskins on vocals, Grady Thomas, Calvin Simon, and Ray Davis belting down on the funk. Okay Mister! So what if George didn't play. The folks who had fun were easy to spot

by the way they danced, they were a few in the crowd. I'd like to give up the funk fort for the P-Funk dancers on the floor (great threads and still enjoying it night after night) and the singing brothers on the left. They were having a blast. I mean you can really see what it means to give up the funk and this is way far-out-a-funkadelic way to go.

I've been listening to "nothing but" for the past three days and I can already see a difference in my complexion!

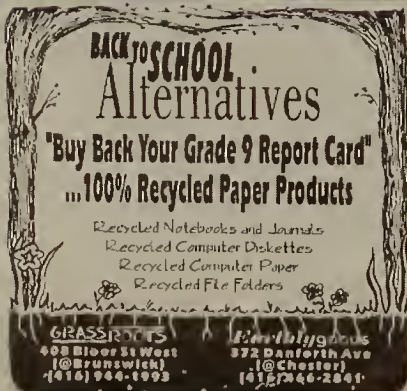
And to follow it up with the

LMT Connection at the Orbit Room just west of Bathurst on College. It was such a lovely funkadelicious dessert dish that I just could not remember having had a better time. One thing this afterparty had were funk meisters from Detroit: LMT Connection. Thanks for keeping the funk funk'n, near tear the roof off that cozy little bar.

Every Wednesday for those funksters out there, here is the broadcast station headquarters.

### Selected Discography

**Up For The Down Stroke** (1974)  
**Mothership Connection** (1975)  
**Motor-Booty Affair** (1978)  
**Trombipulation** (1980)  
**Tear The Roof Off: Parliament, 1974-1980** (1993)



# spotlight

## Stevens Was Right: **Rhea's Obsession** Play Their Soul

Peter Sobchak

Author Rudolph Steiner, in the anthology *Music, Mysticism and Magic*, wrote "Musical creations must be generated anew again and again. They flow onward in the surge and swells of their harmonies and melodies, a reflection of the soul, which in its incarnations must always experience itself in the outward-flowing stream of time. Just as the human soul flows downwards from its spiritual home and flows back to it again, so do its shadows, the tones and harmonies. From the soul's primeval home, the spiritual world, the sounds of music are borne across to us and speak comfortingly and encouragingly to us in surging melodies and harmonies." I think this is something more musicians these days should read. But Jim Field of **Rhea's Obsession** doesn't need to. I think he would agree with Steiner.

In fact, I think all the members of Rhea's Obsession would agree with this thought, for when one listens to their music, one realizes the fundamental, underlying spirituality that drives its creation. In this respect then, Rhea's Obsession is very refreshing. Refreshing too is their understanding of the basic elemental nature of music. As Jim points out, "The most ancient forms of spiritual worship all involved music. So almost from the beginning it's sort of been a cultural given that music has been incorporated into spirituality and worship, the invocation of higher powers, or what have you." An interesting point about spirituality, and one the band takes very seriously. Yet their personal perspective is not all that makes the band stimulating. Each member brings with them

a different musical background as well as different philosophical ideas. Sue Hutton, the other founding member of Rhea's Obsession, began her musical education learning Celtic music, as well as studying Bulgarian choral music and opera. Her interests moved her steadily eastwards to where her interests now lay in northern India, both musically and philosophically. "Our band is basically a reflection of our interest in life," says Sue, "Everything I do must be infused with spirituality, be it chopping wood, interacting with someone in a store, or playing music. I found Buddhism at an early age, and it has influenced me in so many ways." Jim's background is almost as eclectic. Starting off in a very jazz oriented household, he moved into punk later on and eventually into "goth" type music (although it wasn't called that at the time).

This collection of varied tastes brings a richness to their musical palate you don't see in many bands today. Once described as the musical equivalent of a drug trip, this band is still very conscious and very respectful of the audience. "We very much want the audience to leave having had a unique experience." Says Sue, "We're not interested in hitting anyone over the head who's not interested in listening. If something is going to fall on deaf ears, then there's no point in really saying it." "Yet at the same time, it's the whole audience feedback loop," quips Jim, continuing Sue's thought. "You create an energy as a performer, and when you put it out for a group of people, hopefully receptive people, it strengthens that energy,



thereby strengthening what you're doing, and thus the loop. And it can take those ideas and energies to a totally unforeseen level." They also totally enjoy the art of creating music. "The typical routine for a band is to make a CD, then go on stage and perform a few songs from that album exactly as they are, so that the public can say O.K., I like that, I think I'll buy that CD," says Sue, "But what we like to do is improvise on stage a lot, changing our songs as the mood of the audience shifts. Playing with that energy, as Jim says."

As I listened to Sue and Jim, I found myself wondering about the types of music we hear in the mainstream media today, and why it is, as Jim would say, so "emotionally monophonic." The word 'soulless' comes to mind when describing most music today. Sue seems to agree with me. "I don't pretend to understand the intent of other music. For example I don't pretend to understand the intent of a lot of music on CFNY. I don't know why they're making music." Jim picks up this train of thought, "We're not interested in being a typical rock and roll band," he says. "We would like to think that someone can superficially watch our show, and just see it as a performance, and maybe think that there was something different about it, something he maybe couldn't quite put his finger on. Hopefully, if someone is a little more tuned in, they might pick up some of the ref-

erences and understand them and say 'Oh yeah! That's what they're trying to say!' We want them to realize that there is a whole subtext involved, and that subtext is deliberate."

The spiritual exploration of existence is something not many of us think about on a daily basis, I would wager. But through their music, Rhea's Obsession have found a path four their lives. "There is a definite spiritual intent, definite concepts and approaches we are taking towards certain pieces of music that can even be argued to be invocational in nature," remarks Jim. Invocational is a great word to describe the experience. An invocation of higher powers to help them along their chosen path, perhaps? a path they are more than happy to share with whoever would like to listen. But their music is more than just a spiritual journey. "We are also interested in exploring tones, in creating emotional tapestries, and so on. We are concerned with trying to invoke a new and different emotion in people with our music, a more soothing one," says Sue.

In the end, what is great about this band is that they understand and respect the power of music. "Music is the most powerful non-verbal form of communication, I think," says Jim. "And as a result, you can communicate emotion directly, even if it isn't put into specific words, or bundled into specific concepts." The Buddhist influence is readily

apparent in this musical journey. An inclusiveness of diverse ideologies, a refusal to accept only one idea or one belief, this is what makes great musicians. "All the legendary groundbreakers took risks by refusing to accept the status quo," begins Jim, "and yet that's why we remember them, they were visionary." No one remembers the hacks who jump of the bandwagon and tries to cash in on a trend. "I suppose in the end that's why I'm drawn to music in the first place, because it doesn't have dogmatic boundaries like many things in society." Music crosses boundaries, smashes through them if necessary. "I think it can include all emotional, religious and spiritual feelings. Although at the same time it's good to have some sort of framework to guide your ideas, thoughts and beliefs, and that's why I think Buddhism is such a great vehicle, because I think all the things it says are beautiful."

I found a verse from a play I once read went through my mind several times during this interview, and I guess it just goes to show that some things will always be true, like music being the universal language. The playwright was an Englishman by the name of Wallace Stevens, and the verse went like this:

*"Just as my fingers on these keys  
Make music, so the selfsame sounds  
On my spirit make a music, too.  
Music is feeling, then, not sound."*



Rhea's Obsession is playing in the "From the Hart" Music Series, 10:00 pm on Thursday October 15th at U of T's Hart House.



# arts et lit



Alette Simmons-Jimenez "Room with a View" Oil on canvas, 42x42", 1996. In March 1997, this work was chosen as the cover for the Open Studios Press: Southern States Competition catalogue.



Alette Simmons-Jimenez. "Inside-Outside" Oil on canvas, 60x66", 1996

## Featured Artist of the Month:

### Alette Simmon-Jimenez

#### Milena Placentile

Painter, sculptor, video and installation artist and mixed-media constructor; Alette Simmons-Jimenez's career as an artist spans twenty-two years and offers much diversity. Currently a resident of Miami Florida, Simmons-Jimenez lived in the Dominican Republic for eighteen years following graduation from Newcomb College of Tulane University, in New Orleans, Louisiana in 1975. During her last year there, Alette was awarded one of the countries highest awards in the art field, First Place in Video, in the XVIII National Biennial of Visual Arts.

Working with architects and designers, she has created and installed seven large scale, site-specific works. Further, Simmon-Jimenez has considerable experience in the areas of children's books illustration as well as graphic, interior, furniture and stage design.

With 12 one-person exhibitions between 1976 and 1997 under her belt, Simmons-Jimenez is certainly no stranger to the international public. In fact, in September 1997 the artist was invited by the U.S. Department of State to participate in their Art in Embassies Program. Simmons-Jimenez has also been the recipient of many prestigious awards, the most recent being the 1998 Individual Artist Fellowship from the State of Florida Division of Cultural Affairs. Simmons-Jimenez's works can also be found in 14 public and corporate collections internationally. Contact Alette Simmons-Jimenez via e-mail [as-j@usa.net](mailto:as-j@usa.net), or visit her website <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/studios/9152> which offers many colour reproductions of her recent paintings.

## Showing you how it's done: The Hart House Art Committee

#### Milena Placentile

The University of Toronto's art community will have much cause for celebration on October 5, 1998 as this date will mark the 600th general meeting of the Hart House Art Committee. It is the Art Committee which takes on the responsibility of developing, maintaining and promoting the Justina M. Barnicke Gallery right here on campus for the benefit of the university community, the Toronto region and for Canada. It is also the Art Committee which hosts the annual Art Competition for Hart House members which brings to light new artists working at the University of Toronto. (Entry forms are available at the Porters' Desk in March)

As an active participant in the Ontario Association of Art Galleries and the Canadian Museums Association, the Barnicke Gallery has an important position as one of the few public art galleries in the downtown Toronto area. The Hart House Art Committee is dedicated to building upon this recognized role.

In addition to approximately a dozen special exhibits per year, the Barnicke Gallery features renowned Canadian artists in its own permanent collection.

All of these activities do not however occur without enormous effort on part

of its members. If you are passionate about art, particularly Canadian art, then this may be the committee for you. You can become involved in choosing exhibits, purchasing pieces for the permanent collection and creating programming.

For more information on Hart House art activities or future meeting dates of the Art Committee, call 978-2453.

Information on Art activities at Hart House is also posted on the Justina M. Barnicke Gallery Web site <http://www.utoronto.ca/gallery>

*The Justina M. Barnicke Gallery is located at Hart House (7 Hart House Circle). There is no admission fee for the gallery and the hours for September to June are Monday to Friday - 11:00 am to 7:00 pm and 1:00 pm to 4:00 pm on weekends. Please note that the Gallery is closed for statutory holidays and during the Christmas break.*

**The Arts et Lit pages wants your stuff! Send me (Milena) your creative goodies and I'll make ya famous! E-mail poetry, short fiction and scans of art work to [milena.placentile@utoronto.ca](mailto:milena.placentile@utoronto.ca). Or, if you'd prefer, snail mail or drop off submissions to The Innis Herald, 2 Sussex Avenue, Room 305, Toronto Ontario M5S 1J5. For details please e-mail me or call 978-4748.**

## AMORE

Dolce dolce il piede scalzo  
ci indicava il mare  
e i ceri qui in terra per  
giorni e giorni  
e sia raccontiamo  
la paura goccia a goccia  
lungo il punto sacro  
dell'inizio del massacro  
dei chiodi nella carne e  
delle croci  
un'idea, in fondo alle  
pupille  
il corpo gracile ansimava  
con la lingua dove il  
pavimento e' piu' sporco  
Dio  
sonoro di una goccia che  
cade  
nel seno della terra nel  
seno colmo di odori  
amore scrivono a volte  
senza curarsi infine che  
sono incapaci  
di morire.

Italian poet Paolo Maurizio Bottigelli Bottigelli was born in 1950 and lives in Piacenza, Italy. His poems have appeared in *Eclectica*, *Apples&Oranges* and *The Cortland Review*. This selection has been translated by Arlene Ang a freelance writer working in the Philippines.

## LOVE

So sweetly the bare foot  
shows us to the sea  
and the candles here on  
earth for days and days  
and thus we recount  
the fear drop by drop  
along the sacred point  
of the massacre's origin  
of the nails in the flesh  
and of the crosses  
an idea, at the bottom of  
the pupils  
the delicate body panted  
with the tongue where the  
ground is dirtier  
God  
sound of a drop falling  
in the breast of the earth  
in the full breast of odours  
of love they write at times  
in the end, not heeding  
that they are incapable  
of dying.

## ... A question of ...

In the syrupy air of a noon in heat  
Among trees and their shadows deep entwined  
Tiny beads of moisture sprung to the leaf's skin  
And quenched the air of its thirst for life  
As heat took leave for a while, to pass

Tell me the truth, say the chiding slaves  
Of pleasure and pain forgotten in wonder.  
Scaling walls of cold reason,  
Walls unsteady rooted in grounds of fearless terror.  
Slip back into the plains...  
The pastures of yonder are filled with sorrow  
Return to freedom  
And the cool calm of the inertial sea;  
Home to the true. Home of the damned

See in your eyes, the mist of fortune  
Gained from the ages like painted passion.  
Hidden and old, a fortress unused and  
Damp with blood from battles too many  
Fought on ground that blushes in shame.

The fortress of the damned in silent wait  
Lies beside the moat of cruel ignorance

As among the shadows of trees that were  
The hungry earth it nourishes to kill  
and waits for the leaf to fall to ground.

raj oruganti  
September 8, 1998  
P080206@ntu.edu.sg



## MARIGOLDS\*

### Vision from Bloor

I watch you walking on Cumberland.  
From the hollowed-out remnants of Pearcy  
House,  
I see.

You can't sense me carressing your soft cheeks  
and slender legs with my eyes.  
Unwittingly, you're my Dark Lady;  
my Sweet Angel from afar.

I see you at AGO and in my arms  
Staring at a Renoir cityscape  
which is ours.

This piece of Forever I behold  
Only at a distance.  
Because I fear an Ophelia.  
I fear your reality.  
Because I fear being seen as an easy lover  
who shatters when you drop me.  
I'll watch my ideals walk idly by  
because I don't deserve them.  
I can't hold them.  
Not now  
Not Ever.

michael penrose  
26 September, 1998  
mike.penrose@utoronto.ca

1  
marigolds by sitting-room windows  
in vases they soak up the July heat  
with their four-days-old decay

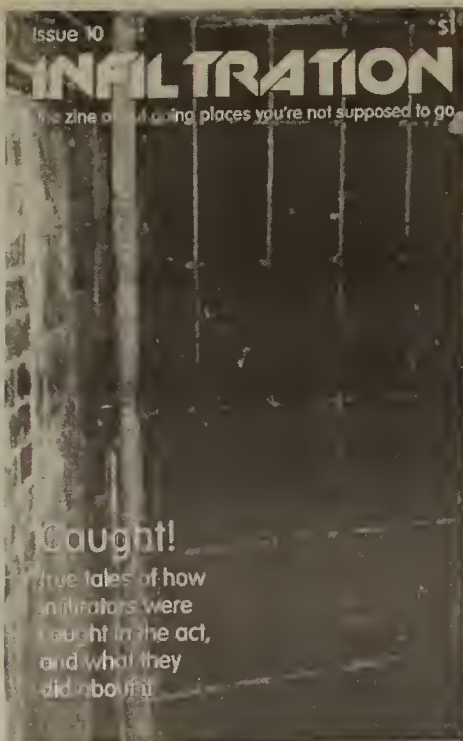
2  
the odour scratches at a hidden latch  
behind which she sleeps  
a woman on quilted satin  
lashes stained by the mortician's brush  
lips in masquerade rose  
limp rouge on her cheeks  
small chocolate-licked fingers  
reach out for that final touch

3  
a breeze pushes aside  
the white film of curtains  
scattering pollen grains  
and crumbled petals

4  
the touch awakens enough  
to smash the vases in their stands  
soaking the carpet with cracked china  
twisted marigold stalks  
and sulphuric dampness

Arlene Ang  
6 March 1996  
aang@iname.com

\* *Marigolds* appeared briefly in *Snakeskin*, an electronic 'zine on April 1996 - but is no longer available for viewing.



## ZINE OF THE MONTH

Konstantine Stravako

**Infiltration: A zine about going places you're not supposed to go**

August 1998 - Issue #10, \$1.00  
P.O. Box 66069, Town Centre PO  
Pickering ON, L1V 6P7

<http://www.infiltration.org> [ninja@infiltration.org](mailto:ninja@infiltration.org)

Ever gone somewhere you knew you weren't supposed to be? Ever get caught? This zine is packed with real accounts of infiltrators who were caught in the act while satisfying their curiosity. From railyards to abandoned buildings to secret underground tunnel systems below universities, no place is secure from the adventurous and the persistent. But even the most cunning of unwelcome explorers can run into trouble. Find out first-hand what these people did when they found the law waiting for them around the corner.

*Infiltration* is well worth the buck. It's a zine that you simply will not be able to put down!

### CURRENT ART HAPPENINGS

#### Justina M. Barnike Gallery

October 8 - November 5. *Attilio Richard Lukacs*. Canadian artist Lukacs has created paintings which have been the centre of much controversy. An exploration of "the underbelly of the city".

#### Arbor Room

September 14 - October 10. Simon Yu

October 12 - November 14. Elizabeth Jackson

#### Art Gallery of Ontario

October 1 - January 10. *Lorno Simpson: Coll Voiting*. A 25-minute black-and-white film borrowing from formats as varied as film noir, sitcom and soap opera, "addresses the complexities of communication in the electronic age". Included with Pay-What-You-Can admission.

October 10 - January 3. *Michel Lombeth: Photographer*. A display of over 80 works by the most influential Canadian documentary photographer during the 1950s to the mid 1970s. As a complement to the Lambeth exhibiton, works by another documentary photographer, Arthur Goss, will also be showing. Included with Pay-What-You-Can admission.

October 24 - Feb 14. *Art in the Age of von Gogh: Dutch Pointings from the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam*. Seventy 19th-century oil paintings chronicle Dutch painting from landscapes into modernism. Works by van Gogh, Mondrian and the members of the Hague School are featured. Tickets \$10 and \$12.

# the short story

## The Princess of Ice: A Faerie Tale

By: Ian Reid/Midwinter

When I was a child I would play in fields full of flowers, and lay in the blossoms feeling the sun warming my face. The world would grow still as my soul slipped free of my body and played in the daisies with the spirits I knew surrounded me. I believed in magic then.

The years did their best to strip the soul from the child. School taught me to believe in numbers and letters. To daydream was a crime against silence.

My field became a parking lot. My mother did her best to raise a proper Christian child, but people in a small town can be remarkably cruel to a single parent. My father left when I was still young, leaving her with nothing but a mobile home, a kid, and the stigma of being dumped by Armitage's benevolent Anglican minister because of alleged "indiscretions". Of course the townsfolk never saw daddy drunk, or knew he locked his beloved child in her bedroom closet so she wouldn't see God's "justice" being meted out upon her mother.

I sat in the closet and dreamed that I was a princess. Nothing special about that, I suppose; most little girls seem to have some kind of princess obsession. My dream time, however, was startlingly real to me. Sometimes I thought my real life was a dream and the world that existed inside my head was the one in which I truly existed: a faerie princess, sleeping inside her castle, dreamed of being a little girl in dirty clothes in a ramshackle trailer park in the worst sort of white trash small town the mundane world could conjure up.

So there was my mother, stuck with little money and a kid she affectionately referred to as her "little headcase". After my father left, she would do nothing but sit and cry behind her closed bedroom door while I sat outside, listening to her and hating my father.

Daddy dearest, I'm sorry to say, died horribly in a car wreck a few months later. This news, strangely enough, brought me great joy. I had almost been expecting it.

As a teen I was troublesome, to say the least. The Ice Princess. That's what the kids called me. Pretty, but cold. I didn't smile. I didn't laugh. I didn't join in all the reindeer games. I discovered painting, and the mess I made of the trailer frantically, almost desperately trying to express what

I could not understand myself in paint and ink and canvas almost drove my mother to a nervous breakdown. "How," she would wail "did you manage to get paint splattered all over the dishes?"

I had a dull ache inside, like something was very wrong with my soul. I didn't feel I really knew who I was. I would stare into the mirror, into my own pale blue eyes, and search for the part of me that was missing. The face that stared back at me was not my own. The blond hair (streaked with wayward paint) was wrong. The lines of my face were wrong. The impossibly pale skin was interesting, but wrong. Lying in bed at night, snuggled between my stuffed toys, I would cry for the soul I had lost.

\*

I was seventeen when the world stopped making sense altogether.

I was in my room late at night one January, with my favourite angst-ridden songs cranked up loud. I hurled paint across the room at a helpless canvas to express, in the finest tradition of teenage melodrama, my bitter disappointment with the fact the *he* just wasn't interested in me. He was an incredibly talented artist, the prodigy who produced works in any medium which continually astounded and frustrated my art teacher. His mind was beautiful and I wanted him to be mine. So I threw my temper tantrum in acrylic and oils. And when there was no more paint to be thrown, I knelt among the wet blues, purples and mottled greys that my room had absorbed and stared at what I had created.

I was looking into my own icy blue eyes. A self-portrait in paint and angst stared back at me. My white hair fell over my face as soft and white as the snow outside. From the pointed faerie ears hung the Celtic cross earrings my mother had given me for my sixteenth birthday. I wore a purple corseted dress to kill for; it seemed to flow about my legs even in the two-dimensional looking glass. I was gorgeous.

I was going to be sick. The room started to spin in a crazed, titled roll as my stomach lurched and my mind began to burn. My last thought before I passed out was "I knew I should have opened the window."

When I awoke the room was filled with daisies. There was

not paint any where, except for which had ended up on the canvas. The shelves of stuffed animals which I'd coated liberally with paint were now covered in flowers.

*I am standing under the moon. The light reflects off my skin, mesmerising my lover as I sing to him. He is entranced as I move closer, touching him now. My song rises as I cover him - my eyes burn in his as we unite. He crumbles into dust in my arms.*

I had dreamt of home. Not this run-down trailer park on the outskirts of some stupid town in the middle of nowhere, but a place full of fields and forests, beautiful people (were they really people?) in gowns and armour, and a clear sky filled with stars and a moon so close you could touch it. I was a princess again.

I was also obviously still delirious from the paint fumes. I picked myself up from the floor, shook the flowers out of my hair, and stumbled to the bathroom. I splashed cold water against my face, idly wondering why my hands weren't covered in paint like they usually were, then glanced into the mirror.

I was looking at the same face I'd painted by accident. The same hair. The same skin. The same ears. However, not the same dress which left me a little disappointed. All right, I thought, I've snapped. It was only a matter of time, I supposed. At least I didn't feel empty anymore.

I wasn't really surprised that no one else could see me the way I did. My mother complimented me on how pretty I looked as I walked past her on my way out, but didn't seem to notice the pointed ears that I discovered were impossible to hide underneath of my hair. Proof that I was unhinged. At least the kids at school wouldn't tease me. They didn't tease me. They were afraid of me. Well, even more afraid than before. Even the teachers wouldn't meet my gaze.

So there I was, in the art department, half-coated as usual, working. Keith (the *he* I spoke of earlier) was also there, up to his elbows in his latest masterpiece (something involving plaster of paris, coat hangers and glow-in-the-dark goop from a .25 cent vending machine).

Continued on  
the next page ->

chine). I did my best to ignore him, feverishly dabbing at the canvas while repeatedly thrusting my hair, now splendidly multicoloured and matted, out of my eyes with paint-covered hands. It wasn't working.

As his sculpture took shape, it drew for my attention like a magnet, until I dropped my brush and stood entranced as Keith's creativity was consummated. I felt something akin to an orgasm building within me as I watched - it was as though he was literally radiating energy while I greedily absorbed it. He smeared a final coat of plaster on his tree frog and stepped back. My world seemed to sparkle. I felt happy, powerful and satisfied. Keith collapsed to the floor.

I jumped to his side, asking if he was all right. He said yeah, he was just a little weak. He looked dazed. I helped him sit up again and got him some water, which seemed to help his colour. We sat on the floor and

talked about art, life and tree-frogs. Two weeks later we were dating

*I am standing on green grass. Foreign constellations cortwheel above my head. The moon is a crystal disk hanging impossibly close from a sky of black velvet.*

*My hands are tied together and my mouth is sewn shut.*

*A footman in green armour leads me to a castle rising in the distance.*

I discovered I could sing. Rather well, in fact, for a girl who'd been tone-deaf all her life. The night that Keith asked me out, in a parking lot under a crescent moon, I sang to him as he sat, enraptured, on the cracked pavement at my feet. It was quite a high, though I'd learned I'd have to be careful with him - but the time I was through with him he was almost unconscious. My knees bleeding from the pavement, I dressed him, walked him home and put him to bed.

And I went home to sleep, and

was again pulled into my increasingly disturbing faerie-tale dreams.

*They are jeering me, the couriers, hurling insults and curses. The beautiful, elfin faces are twisted in mockery. I cry out, but my lips will not open.*

*"Murderer!" they shout. "Soul-thief!" "Unseelie!"*

*I am pushed to the marble floor of the hall. My gown is ripped and my knees are bleeding. The Queen of the Faerie stands before me, contemptuous and regal. She spits in my eye and hisses, "Beon-sidhe."*

The relationship was a good one. We painted, and danced, and romped, and sang, and fucked, and giggled, and all the things lovers do, we did. For once in my life, I was deliriously happy.

But Keith began to take ill. At first we thought he'd gotten mono, and I half-jokingly accused him of kissing another girl; though I should have known that he was too dedicated to me, too loyal, too

enraptured.

I would sit with him, sing to him, try to encourage him to paint something - but he was always tired and weak. All he ever wanted to do was sit in my arms and have me sing to him. The doctors didn't know what to make of it. One thing was certain: he wasn't getting any better.

*I am sentenced into exile. For the sidhe, who cannot die, this fate is worse than death. The immortal soul will float in the void, cast out of Faerie, forever, unless chance intercedes and it finds a body to inhabit, somewhere out there among the waking realms. I will never see my home again.*

*The Queen tears open my chest and wrests my heart free. My soul is hurled out of Faerie into the netherworld between realms. Bodiless, I cannot even cry.*

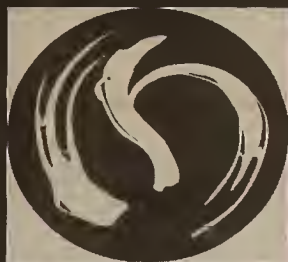
Two months later, there wasn't much left of him. As time wore on, the light in his eyes seemed to wither. A boy full of life and creativity became de-

void of both. I sucked it out of him. I realised, after he'd wasted away to almost nothing, that I was feeding off of him - off of the energy that he radiated like sunlight. I was the black hole that was killing him.

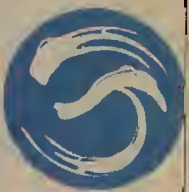
I am sitting on the floor of his room as I write this, carefully holding his hand as he sleeps (because his bones may snap if I press too hard), I know that I have to leave. My changeling, banshee souls will kill him if I don't.

So, I have packed my rucksack, left a note for my mother, and said goodbye to my paintings. I went out to the parking lot, where my field used to be, and picked daisies I that I have left by the bedside with this letter - an explanation, perhaps, or an apology.

Keith, if you read this, I hope that you will forgive me. I hope that you will live long enough to forgive me. I will love you always, Laurien.



**Write for the Herald!**  
**Work for the Herald!**  
**Live for the Herald!**  
**Call Vicky at 978-4748**  
**or see her in Room 305**



In the next issue of  
the innis herald: the  
food review will  
return, as will the  
horoscopes, and it  
looks like fred filler  
is going shopping  
for a vibrator.



the  
innis herald

OCTOBER 1998

